

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. IV.

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CALGARY, First Street, E.

NO. 40

## NOTE AND COMMENT

The value of a good reputation was never better illustrated than in connection with the North Pole controversy. Dr. Cook may have reached the earth's jumping-off place but because he has shown evidence of being somewhat of a fakir in the past, the number of those who believe his story is lessening day by day. His warmest supporters are where he is least known. On the other hand every claim that Peary has made during his long and distinguished career as an explorer has been fully verified. One scientific man, in an interview, gave succinct expression to this feeling of confidence when he said that everyone who knew Peary felt quite sure that if he had had to turn back ten miles from the Pole, he would not have claimed to have gone any further than he actually did.

An argument that is being used in Cook's favor is that he has used much more moderate language, and has generally borne himself much better in the controversy that has arisen. But if Peary is absolutely certain that Cook has been endeavoring to perpetuate one of the gigantic frauds of history and incidentally trying to rob him of the honor which rightfully belongs to him after many years of effort, how can he be blamed for speaking with considerable heat? The strongest point against Cook is undoubtedly the fact that he claimed to have scaled Mount McKinley, the highest peak in America, under circumstances that bear a strong resemblance to those which he relates in connection with his Arctic journey and that in scientific circles his alleged achievement has never been recognized.

Dr. Herschell S. Parker, professor of physics at Columbia University, New York, who spent some weeks this summer in mountain climbing along the line of the C. P. R., has given a body blow to Dr. Cook's claims.

Dr. Cook and Prof. Parker were the leaders of the expedition which sought in 1906 to ascend Mount McKinley, and had as only after the return of Prof. Parker to the east and the other members of the expedition had scattered that Dr. Cook made the dash up the mountain.

"Our first line of march was on the southwest side of Mount McKinley," said Professor Parker, "and the course of a recent interview, but it ended in an impassable canyon. We crossed to the south side, but there we were frustrated by towering cliffs."

"Dr. Cook said that the east side was impossible of ascent, the ice rose at least five thousand feet without a break. Then we all agreed to give up the attempt for the season and try next summer on the north-western side."

"I returned east and later was surprised to hear that Dr. Cook had ascended Mount McKinley. I learned later that Dr. Cook had sent Belmore Brown, the artist member of the party, on a hunting expedition, that Mr. Porter, the topographer, was engaged in making topographical observations, and knew nothing of Dr. Cook's first attempt, and that Dr. Cook despatched his head guide, Fred Printze, and photographer Miller, on another hunting expedition."

"Dr. Cook told Mr. Brown that he was going to make an exploration of some glaciers, eastward while at this time Mr. Bridgman, secretary of the Arctic Club, in Brooklyn, received a message from Dr. Cook, stating that he was going to make the final dash for the top of the mountain."

"Dr. Cook states that he reached the summit of the mountain by the east side, and was accompanied by the assistant packer, Edward Burrill."

"I do not know whether Dr. Cook climbed Mount McKinley or not. This I know, that he reports that the mountain was 20,300 feet high but I am unable to say how he made his observations, inasmuch as I took back

## Two Grand Old Men of the West



This unique picture was taken at the reception held in honor of Lord Strathcona by the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. It was the first meeting in many years of two men who, each in a different way, have won for themselves a great and a lasting place in the Canadian West. Rev. Father Lacombe, the sixtieth anniversary of whose consecration as a priest was celebrated last week, is eighty-three years of age, six less than the venerable High Commissioner.

with me the hypsometers and he had only one or two aneroid barometers, which would only measure about eighteen thousand feet.

"A man of science quite naturally asks why he did not make photographs of the other summit of Mount McKinley, only a short distance away, and of views about him. These photographs of the approaches to Mount McKinley summit in themselves would have settled the question."

"As I say, I am a friend of Dr. Cook, but in matters of this kind, scientific proof is needed. If Dr. Cook has climbed Mount McKinley, then he has made a bad case of it, as the lawyers say."

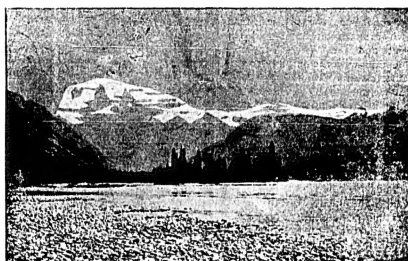
The barrister referred to in the above distinctly says that he and Dr. Cook did not reach the top of the mountain.

There is much about the purely scientific aspects of the North Pole controversy that the layman cannot understand, but he has no difficulty in grasping Parker's meaning and coming to the conclusion that Cook's chances of gaining any other celebrity than that of a man of colossal nerve, in a more colloquial sense than we are in the habit of applying that expression to men like Peary, are decidedly small.

In connection with Peary's return, it is of interest in view of the struggle which the great newspapers of the East have been making to secure the publication of his story, a struggle which has necessitated the intervention of the courts in several instances, to note that the first editor to publish the story of the trip which ended in 1906 is now a member of the profession in Alberta.

Peary's homeward journey in 1906 was marked with many mishaps. The three engines of the "Roosevelt" were disabled and it had to crawl along the shores of Greenland. Meeting with a sailing vessel he was enabled to forward news of his explorations. The first place the captain of the sailing vessel called was Twillingate, Newfoundland. The first newspaper man to get the news of Peary's great dash was J. D. S. Barrett, the present manager of the Coleman Miner. The Twillingate Sun published the interview, which was widely copied.

When Lord Northcliffe addressed the newspaper men in Edmonton the other day, he urged that they should give more attention to imperial and international problems in their columns. Later Premier Rutherford told them that their papers were too severely local. Yet with all due deference to these distinguished men, the country publisher probably knows a good deal better than they do



Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, just conquered for the first time by Rev. Mr. Kinney. Mr. Kinney's feat is referred to elsewhere.

what the readers want. The perils of launching out too much on affairs of world wide interest are well illustrated by the case of that sumner of Sunny Alberta's journalistic guides, philosophers and friends, "H. D." of the Cabbage Patch at Beaver Lake, who writes for the Vegreville Observer. In the last issue of the Observer he has this to say:

"Dan tells me there are quite a lot of Observer readers down in Renfrew and they are not satisfied with me. I don't give enough local items. I deal too much in generalities, metaphysics and philosophy. What they want to know is what Jim is getting for his breakfast, who's sweet on who, and when baby cuts its first tooth. Unfortunately these events frequently occur outside of my knowledge. I would suggest to my neighbors that when anything of this kind should be brought before the notice of their eastern friends, (especially who's sweet) that they drop me a cable. One long three short one long and down it goes."

If all the disquisitions of a general character that found their way into the country press were on a par with those which come from Beaver Lake, there would be few who would join in such protests as that which originated in Renfrew. But "H. D." is in a class by himself. The best part of most district papers, both for the local and the general reader, is that which has to do with the everyday life of the people.

Even where broad questions of policy are under consideration, a labored argument of faultless logic and general intellectual force is often of less value and is always of less interest than one which gives

the viewpoint of the average man. If you want to learn what the people think, it is to private conversation that you have to go. The well-turned House of Commons orator and the leading article of the well-served student of politics, who fills a newspaper's editorial chair, are not as a rule an indication of the trend of opinion among those who under a democracy determine the fate of ministries and policies.

In Britain just at present the Budget is the uppermost topic of discussion. The Unionists are fighting it tooth and nail. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and other leaders of the party are making striking speeches, characterized by dignity and force, against it day after day. This past week they have received a powerful ally in the former Liberal Premier, Lord Rosebery, who for the time being has consented to throw something other than a long's burrow. The Times, the Spectator and other great journals are exhausting the resources of argument in their criticism of the measure. But what will defeat it, if anything will, are not these influences, but appeals to lower minds than these politicians and newspapers could, with the full light of publicity upon them, very well indulge in. In the music hall we have the administration held up to ridicule as the subject of a song, of which this is the refrain: "A halpenny on my head!"

"Oh! I've done with you, my dear!" Here we have an argument that will do the government some damage. Or take a speech that was made recently not with the expectation that it would be given very wide circulation by Hon. W. L. H. Roberts, who is described as a typical squire. It is reported in the Kent Messenger and was intended only for friends and neighbors, the language of conversation being used throughout. A newspaper which comments upon it declares that it is one of the best examples on record of what Walter Bagehot described as the typical English criticism "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

Mr. Roberts' speech ran in part as follows: "Mr. Lloyd George is an excellent man in Wales. He is a solicitor and was in a smallish way of business. He is a very active man, a very militant man, and a good speaker, but his only experience in the world is that of the ordinary small attorney in Wales. You don't know as much as I do of the small attorney in a country town, but if there is one class of men absolutely impossible, who know nothing whatever of the world, it is solicitors as a whole, and more especially the small attorney. You ask me why I make such a statement. Well, I'll tell you. Suppose you get into a mess and go to a solicitor. He'll tell you what you cannot do, but never a word as to what you can do. A solicitor is a man who is not able to conceive anything. He has no imagination. He cannot be a financier. And yet we have such a man as Chancellor of the Exchequer who has no better credentials to offer the country than those of being a country solicitor."

Here Mr. Crispin, the local barber, threw in an interruption: "How many years of Parliamentary experience has he had?" and the orator paused to remark that parliamentary experience was no mark of financial ability. Proceeding, Mr. Roberts denied that Mr. Lloyd George consulted the city bankers about the budget, desisted Lord Aylesbury as "an excellent fellow but an old ass," and added "I'm told I'm a Radical Protectionist, but I'm — if I know to what class of politics I do belong. The thing is to try and work for the common good. I work for the Conservatives, because I'm — if I would work for a budget which the fellow who brings it in knows nothing about." Mr. Roberts went on to contend that the budget was not economically sound, and said he would support an old age pension at a car-poolage, to which the men themselves contributed. He did not believe that a man who had never done an honest day's work in his life should come and pick his pocket for an old age pension. (A Voice: What about the Duke, who never does any work?) He mentioned that 99 out of every hundred of the better-off people had

## JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

A Weekly Tale of Two Cities

That was a very auspicious break that Lord Strathcona made when in the first speech that he delivered after his arrival at Strathcona he referred to the pleasure which he had been long looking forward to of visiting "this great city of Edmonton." To His Lordship, the settlement on both banks of the river was one city, as in fact, it should be, and will be soon in name as well as in deed.

The Strathcona Plandemeter reports some very foolish remarks made by a correspondent of one of the Edmonton dailies in regard to the people on the north side and commends them to the consideration of those who would have the two municipalities unite. It is not worth the mental effort. There was a time when the citizens of the two towns talked about one another constantly as we would expect the people of warring medieval Indian cities to do. Now the great majority in each are recognizing that their interests are mutual, that what builds up the one must build up the other. It cannot be helped if there are still a few who persist in the old-time non-sensical attitude. The day is long past when it was necessary to pay any attention to them.

Mr. Peters, of the C. P. R., is to meet the councils of the two cities and representatives of the two governments on Friday night and it may be that we shall have something definite in regard to the high level bridge proposition within a few days or possibly hours. As to whether we go in with the railway or build independently is all a matter of cost. In view of the great variety of figures that have been presented in the past it looks to the average man as if those who were looking after our interests had been working in the dark. One thing is certain, that the traffic bridge question should not be mixed up with the general question of C. P. R. entrance. They are kept apart a more rapid and satisfactory solution will be obtained.

The radial railway promoter has withdrawn the agreement which has been voted upon on the 20th and nobody is certain as to what is to happen next or whether for that matter anything at all will happen. The council are naturally a bit huffy over the turn which affairs have taken, having given a great deal of time to the question and finally approval of the bargain for submission to the people. The feeling was undoubtedly general that the city was making concessions which would prove a source of further trouble. This distrust arises from many experiences in dealing with corporations here and elsewhere. Our municipal machinery is seldom equal to the task of driving the right kind of a bargain under circumstances such as that which we have been faced to face with. It will be a great pity if nothing comes of these particular proposals, as those from whom they came seemed disposed to be reasonable. With proper management an agreement should have been reached which would have been advantageous to both the municipality and the company. Some people of course cannot bear the thought of making concessions which will mean a return to those who are making the investment and will always throw obstacles in the way of private enterprise no matter how much the body of the people will benefit as a whole. This is an attitude we must get away from. We have need of private capital and we cannot afford to discourage unshy those who show a disposition to invest it with us.

The East End Park is to be utilized for the purposes of an exhibition ground. The sum of \$100,000 will be spent in putting it in shape for next year. This is what I have urged all along in this department. It is the most economical and will prove the most satisfactory course in the long run. It involves the construction

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## The Saturday News

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IN THE  
ATHLETIC  
WORLD

## GOLF AND PROFANITY.

An eminent English doctor, Sir James Barr, in an address before the British Medical Association, recently made this remark which immediately brought a storm about his head:

"It is curious to note," said he, that the more genteel pastimes of golf, bowling and curling are exactly the pastimes which are more particularly associated with a copious, profane vocabulary and the unduly consumption of Scotch whisky."

The golfers took up the cudgels with particular ferocity. Leading players and club secretaries filled the papers with interviews denying Sir James' charge so far as their pet game was concerned. The London Spectator had this decidedly interesting comment to make:

"Are golfers becoming better-tempered?" it asks. "It sounds an admirable topic for discussion in the season which belongs to the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry. It is suggested by a recent picture in Punch illustrating the old story of the Scotch elder who put a pebble in his pocket for each expulsive he used during a round of the game and who found that the most violent expulives needed, to supplement his pockets, a cart. But does not the story belong to the traditions, to the conventions of the game rather than to the plain facts of to-day? There are whole hordes of these stories of infuriated golfers in the back files of the illustrated papers; stories and pictures of choleric old gentlemen dancing on broken niblicks, of obese Colonels hurled into the air by the bunkers, of Scotch ministers gravely contemplating a misspent future. The Scotch minister is the type; he comes into the story again and again; a batch of golf stories without a minister, or rather a "meenister," in them is as unthinkable as a harlequin without a clown. And yet—do the stories and pictures fit the facts any longer? The ordinary man who meets a golfer finds him as often as not a person of serene temper, unruffled by the changes and chances of the working lives which every golfer must lead. When he sees the habitual golfer play golf, or when, himself a golfer, he plays golf with other golfers, the round they play is not a storm of abuse, not an agony of self-reproach, not a concatenation of resonant expulives. The misfortunes which come by bunkers and hazards and bad lies and putts which will not run down are accepted with an equal mind which is less resignation than cheerfulness. Perhaps, in the twenty years in which golf in England has grown from a raw game almost into a national recreation, golf has schooled the golfer; perhaps the ebullient rages, the tempests of commination, belong already to a dim and storied past. Certainly there are other games which can try the temper quite as severely; other games at which tempers are lost every day they are played."

## GAMES AND TEMPER

Proceeding to a consideration of other games, the writer in the Spectator says:

"You come to some sort of an understanding as to who tempers are lost at this or that game if you consider the games which are more or less marked with composure. You may play cricket, for instance, for many years without coming across an infuriated cricketer. Of course, there are bowlers who are not able to regard with equanimity a batsman who hits them out of the ground four times in an over. Perhaps, if they are fast bowlers, they try to bowl a little faster; there have been bowlers who have howled at a batsman in deal at the wicket, and when those balls, too, go for four or six, the situation becomes worse. There are batsmen again, who return glowing to the pavilion if they are given out leg-before-wicket, even in these days when it is fashionable to get in front of the wicket as soon as the bowler begins his run. Occasionally you may hear of batsmen of skill and conviction who attempt to try to kill a man fielding mid-on with a noble rage; "Q" for instance, writes something of a batsman who tried to kill a man fielding mid-on because he wore a pink shirt. Then

there are fieldsmen, who, in their turn, are sometimes unable to bear with gladness the remarks of the spectators; there was a county cricketer not long ago, who incapable of enduring longer the taunts of the multitude, turned round and shielded the ball as hard as he could into the middle of the crowd. But these are the exceptions; the rule is even temper and acceptance of all the chances of the game. There are no traditions of furious cricketers in the back files of the illustrated papers. Football is a little different. The referee suffers at football in all the stories. But it is the crowd who assault him, or who carry him away to drown him, not the players; and the kind of football in which referees are ill-treated is not the kind which you think of first as a game."

Speaking generally, it may be said that it is only the second-rate player who ever loses control of himself. The man who wins a game doesn't do any of the foolish things that afford the humorist such good material. It is leaving a man to keep his head that sports obtain their chief value apart from the physical exercise which they accord.

## THE "SMART" ATHLETE.

But there are worse things in athletics than making a fool of yourself in any of the ways mentioned. On this continent particularly, the love of all our games has been demoralized by practices which are condemned by all decent people and which hurt the whole cause of sport to a tremendous extent. In an article in the current number of Colliers, Mr. H. S. Fallerton undertakes to describe a number of notable facts in baseball history. Here is part of his article:

"Numerous times players," he writes, "take advantage of the fact that base-runners do not know where batted balls have gone, but there is only one instance of a team winning a game because a player realized that he was the only one who could see the ball. "Gentle" James Ryan, then playing with Anson's famous White Stockings, made the play, and Lange allied him carrying out the oldest hoax in baseball history. The afternoon was dark and dusk, and a storm approaching. Chicago had a lead of one run, the visiting team had two runners on bases and two men out and the White Stockings were pleading with the umpire to stop the game, claiming they were unable to see well enough to play. The batter hit a hard line fly to left field. Ryan turned ran rapidly back for perhaps twenty feet, saw that he could not get back far enough to catch the ball, and suddenly he conceived a remarkable idea. Turning like a flash, he stood still, facing the diamond, and putting up his hands as if catching the ball. He seemed to make the catch, and whirling, he pretended to throw the ball across the outfield to Lange, as they were in the habit of doing when either caught a fly. Lange, now knowing what was happening carried out the idea, pretended to catch the ball and stick it into his pocket, and he and Ryan, followed by the entire team, turned and raced for the clubhouse exactly as they would have done had Ryan caught the ball in reality. The pantomime was carried out to such perfect detail that no one in the grand stand or on the players' bench realized that the ball had passed ten feet over Ryan's head. The umpire, who had lost sight of the ball, was convinced Ryan had caught it, and allowed the out. Every scorer in the press box was deceived and credited Ryan with a put-out, giving the game to Chicago by 7 to 6, whereas the actual score was 8 to 7, with Philadelphia having a chance of more runs and Chicago another half-inning to play."

Here we have a perfect example of that "smartness" which is the curse of baseball and has spread from it to other games. When we tolerate incidents like these, we are simply encouraging common-chance and roguery. Far from being a benefit to anybody, sport, under these conditions is something that the self-respecting man wants to avoid. The fact that a magazine like Collier's publishes such an article shows what a hold the sport has that is contrary to all that is best in athletics, has secured.

## BALL PLAYERS AND HARVESTERS

It doesn't seem right that Western Canada ball players should suffer their time away when grown up men are needed in the harvest fields—Saskatoon Phoenix.

The Phoenix man cannot be a genuine "old sport" if he were he wouldn't kick ball that way. A genuine sport would go out into the harvest fields and solicit subscriptions from the stokers to send the team away to "capture" some big trophy. Big advertisement in it you know. (Continued on Page Nine.)

The Fashion Show  
is Ready

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THE anxious period is passed. Our opening Thursday was visited by hundreds who viewed and praised our showing of the new styles. Many others will add their endorsement during the next few days of this notable event. YOUR opinion is invited. Come and pass judgment on these authoritative fashions so bountifully displayed. "In the entire annals of this establishment we have never entered upon a new season so well prepared as at this time. Stocks are larger, better selected, superior in quality and unmistakably correct in every feature of style. And we feel that this greater preparedness is most praiseworthy. "The fashionableness of our merchandise is again demonstrated by this opening—yet we have not sacrificed a whit of value in these superior new goods. We have united inseparably the utmost of style and value at this store as is amply evidenced by our displays of Fall Goods. The proof awaits merely upon your coming here and seeing for yourself."

## Exquisite Creations in Fall Suits

Style touches not present in the ordinary run of suits distinguish our selections. Fashion's seal of approval is awarded every one of these beautiful garments. Smartly tailored two-piece and three-piece suits, in which the dominant note is the long-sleeved coat, its long swagging lines being exceptionally clever and attractive. Slender but not fully form-fitting. Suit skirts are generally pleated or kilted. The influence of the "Moyen Age" is strongly evidenced in these new styles. Colorings are many dark shades and the most tasteful shades being largely favored. There are some rich novelties offered. Materials vary greatly, including both rough and smooth finished effects. All in all this is the most sumptuous of the authoritative styles in tailored suits to be seen in this city and the wide price range insures satisfactory selections to everyone.

## Separate Coats

A different and surpassing exhibit of these garments for which great vogue is certain this season. More trim than in recent seasons, fitting the form just snugly enough to bring out the lines of the figure. In varying lengths from three-quarter to full length. To see separate coat styles at their best, come and view this unrivalled showing. The prices are as equally attractive as the garments themselves.

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This is a new department in the newest styles in the city. Our stock of trimmed hats has been carefully selected from the very best manufacturers in the country. You should see them. Large hats are still in favor—even the toques and turbans being extra large of their kind. Side rolled and shapely upturned brims are highly favored. Novelty distinguishes the trimmings. Fabric covered hats of velvets, plush, beaver and fur are extremely popular. Our display is certainly a notable one. Not a good style missing and many exclusive effects offered for your selection. Our leadership in this department will be pronounced because of our superior styles and values.



S-H-&amp;M-

## S-H-&amp;M- Fall Styles

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## Fashionables in Furs

The complete showing of the neereedited New Fashions for the coming season cannot fail to interest every woman who contemplates the purchase of Furs this winter. The tendency to the more elaborate styles in Coats, Stoles, Pelermes and Muffs has given our buyers every inducement to excel in their efforts to obtain beautiful furs; consequently this display far surpasses all

previous efforts to procure furs of distinctive style.

In coats some exquisite designs are shown in Persian Lamb, Rat, Rat Lined and Eloc-the seal. In stoles the newest styles show the long back hanging almost as low as the front; these are strongly featured in Fox, Lynx and Alaska Sable. The three fashionable furs of the season.

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### SONNET FROM A SUBURB.

Damon, in the Westminster Gazette.

Because they are so many and the same,

The little houses row on weary row;

Because they are so loveless and so lame

It were a bitter shame to tell them so,

And all to laugh at those who hither came.

Not without hope, and not without a glow,

And who, perchance, by sorrow struck, or shame

Not without tears look back before they go.

Here is no place for laughter or for blame,

And not for tears, since none shall ever know

What here is done and suffered, nor proclaim

The end to which these myriad spirits grow.

He understands whose heart remembereth

That here is all the tale of life and death.

### JOURNALISTIC TYPES

I had the pleasure this week of spending a part of a morning listen-

prond of the men of my kind. It was little instances to be sure, rather than oratorical flights, that set me thinking.

Parsons, of the Prairie Tribune, we shall say, voiced it, when at the close of a short talk, he spoke of turning down an ad. for a certain patent medicine, not that it didn't pay, but that the subject matter was indecent for general reading. An informant, to some other paper, met the same late, the editor feeling a certain responsibility for the merchandise he advertised. Think of it.

Partridge, of the Weekly Flyer, gave it further point, when he described his dealings with certain large financial institutions who were after something for nothing, and who were told they could withdraw their miserable patronage and be—blessed. May I add (with joy) that their ad. remained on—at a decent living wage for Partridge and the little Partridges.

I could appreciate the tale of the struggles and triumphs that were unfolded in the privacy of the council chamber that morning. Who better, for I had not lived and experienced every one of them? Stories of disappointment, lack of appreciation and support, unexpected kindnesses, ras- cality, —'s inimitable touch on the use of a little diplomatic taffy now and then,—as, shall we say, a word of kindness in season for Mayor

### Young Albertans, No. 25



Photo by Burk

¶ Marcus Morris, 163 5th Street

ing to the deliberations of a convention of the Press Men of Alberta and Eastern British Columbia, followed at the close by a very excellent address by Lord Northcliffe, the Napoleon of the Press, and owner of half the papers in London, to say nothing of his holdings in the United States and Canada.

I have since this meeting, been trying to settle in my mind which interested me most, the little groups of hard-working journalists with their problems of how to make their bread and butter, and at the same time live up to their ideals, or the opportunist, Alfred Harnsworth, the genius who discovered that by being all things to all people, carrying no intellectual or moral impedimenta, sentiment, theory or any definite view of life, a man may capture the great fickle public and raise up a colossal fortune for himself.

While we were in council assembled—though I had no business in the world in being there, barring that as a working journalist along my own lines, and interested in learning how to provide jam as well as bread and butter for myself, I noticed that while all the speeches ran along the lines of how to attain business success, there was sounded insistently the note of maintaining the dignity of the press of making the news and editorial end of the paper so good that the people would be bound to support it. Naturally of course, being mere mortals, a reasonable amount of attention was given to the question of how to make ends meet, though engaged in the newspaper business—for most of those present were married, so couldn't reasonably be expected to live on mere ideals alone. I never lost sight of the fact that the great majority of the men before me, some of them just scraping along from day to day in isolated prairie villages, stood for more of principle and right and ideals than the world ever realizes. The dignity of the Press brooded over that little meeting, and I for one, sat there,

—'s dreary efforts at speech-making, or the benefits to be derived from the proffer of a humble local bouquet for the Alderman's daughter, who imagines she has a voice. We, of the profession know just tricks enough, you see, to keep us going; just sufficient to provide against rough handling at irate subscriber's hands, or somebody that doesn't like something we have said, or he imagines we have hinted, or his wife's brother doesn't fancy, etc., etc.

But I have already confided quite as much as is wise or expedient. The responsible newspaper editor who makes a success of his work, either West or East, but particularly West, deserves a novel all to himself.

This, however, is telling you little of the Big Man who in the midst of discussing how to make bread and butter, strode in to tell us that he went to see easily satisfied, that, in addition to these staples we should be enjoying rich courses of the most appetizing and choice varieties. And not only did he tell us how to obtain these luxuries, but he went so far as offering to help us to land them. That was the point that surprised me. For Lord Northcliffe is not commonly regarded as a philanthropist, as his career goes very well to show.

Where he was born, or his early life matters very little. The first the world heard of him was through some very modest articles on amateur photography, cycling, and the like, published in "Young Folks," and similar papers. About this time Sir George Newnes had touched the great heart of humanity with "Tit-Bits," and Alfred Harnsworth, now twenty-one, decided that here was a field for his genius also.

And so, from an upper room in the neighborhood of the Strand, he launched "Answers," the prolific parent of hundreds of publications to follow, and ranging from "The Funny Wonder" to "The Daily Mail." Since the success of that first humble (Continued on Page Six.)

## MACNEIL'S

'BETTER-THAN-STANDARD'

### Drugs

We have always tried to do a little better than we agreed, if possible.

We claim to use no drug that is not up to the standard.

In some cases we dispense 'Better-than-Standard' drugs, and would altogether if we could possibly procure the same.

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THE DRUGGISTS  
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I cordially invite all ladies to visit my show rooms on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th, when I shall have on display all the very latest New York and Paris patterns. Something to suit everybody.

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Sept. 16, 17 & 18

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(c) " Income - 302,571  
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## Home and Society

Edmonton.

Mrs. Mulvey, and her infant son left on Sunday, accompanied by a trained nurse, Mrs. Crophart, for her old home in England, the baby since birth being in very delicate health and taken away by the doctor's orders, to see what benefit the change would effect. Mrs. Mulvey will return to Edmonton in the spring.

Mrs. Harry Cooper will hold her post-natal reception on Tuesday, September 21st, both afternoon and evening, at her home, 355 Seventh street south.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantley and their household are expected back to town this week-end, after a month's sojourn on their farm near St. Albert.

Mrs. Bulvea returns to Government House towards the end of the month, to be present during the visit of His Excellency, Earl Grey.

There is to be a very swaggar ball indeed on October 1st in the Thistle Rink, in honor of this distinguished guest, the ladies of the Hospital Aid furnishing the supper, and the band the music, and the decorations being undertaken on a large and ambitious scale. Naturally it will be the premier social event of the season, and already I hear of many stunning new frocks under preparation for the occasion.

On Thursday last the wives of the visiting press men were entertained by the local women journalists, Mrs. Cunningham and Dr. Ella Sygne, a delightful little tea being given in their honor in Dr. Sygne's cosy apartments in the afternoon, when a few congenial friends were invited to meet the visitors, and in the evening two boxes were engaged at the Empire, when they enjoyed a capital bill, later going on to Mrs. Cunningham's for supper and some most enjoyable music.

Following their banquet the men also adjourned to the hospitable home, where the fine rooms were aglow with softly shaded lights and lovely flowers, and the petite hostess was ready with a big welcome for everyone. It was a happy opportunity for guests and towns people to become better acquainted, and the evening passed away only too quickly.

On Friday afternoon Miss Seton Thompson took some of the ladies in charge for an auto ride, while others attended the convention.

Mrs. Ewing left on Sunday for a month's holidays at Banff, being accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. Sheriff Harvey, of Orillia. Mrs. H. C. Wilson, who is to be her guest, left on Tuesday, having been detained for two days.

The marriage took place in Or-

tawa on Sept. 6th of Miss Maud Harbridge, to Arthur H. Brown, of Winnipeg, who has been a frequent visitor to Edmonton as a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sydney B. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Riley have returned from Rochester, Minn., where Mrs. Riley recently underwent a serious operation. Many friends will be glad to learn that she is making excellent progress towards recovery.

Miss McMillan, of St. Joseph, is home on a visit to her parents, City Assessor and Mrs. McMillan, Seventh street after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Dickens will receive next Wednesday afternoon at 520 Fifth street.

Mrs. James Biggar returned from an extended visit to the east on Tuesday, being accompanied by Miss Jean Biggar, of Toronto, who is visiting Mrs. R. A. Heathcote, MacKay avenue, and Miss Lisle Quinn, who came up to visit Mrs. Pardee.

Last week I made no mention of the splendid exhibition in golf furnished by Miss Lisle of Strone, and Miss Cobbett, of Edmonton, in the competition for the provincial championship, having heard nothing but the most meagre details of the match. Since then, however, further particulars have reached me, competent golf judges assuring me that it was the finest exhibition of golf ever put up by ladies on local links. From start to finish the match was closely contested, though on the first three holes Miss Cobbett got a lead which her opponent was unable to overcome. The form displayed by both contestants was admirable, and the play wonderfully even both in the open and on the green. Both were putting forth their best efforts, and to quote both Miss Brown and Miss Lisle, "the best player won."

Miss Lisle mastered the tricky game in the Old Country at one of the finest clubs in the land, her play showing the results of the splendid coaching she has enjoyed. Miss Cobbett, on the other hand, has learned all her golf in Canada, so that her win as provincial lady champion reflects the greatest credit not only on herself, but on the province and city of which she is resident.

Saturday the town figuratively shut shop to entertain the members of the British Association, who came up for the day for a visit to the Albertan Capital. In the morning they were rushed about town to "do" the customary sight-seeing, and at noon a first class luncheon was served in the Separate School theatre at which a generous sprinkling of the town people were present. If one has any

fault to find with the excellent arrangements, it was that guests and the local people were left too much in their own little sets, no attempt apparently being made to introduce them to each other. The luncheon given the Quinquennial Council of Women delegates was very much better managed in this regard, guests and townfolk alternating at the tables. The same criticism applies to the river trip, which, while delightful in itself, left us no better acquainted. The speeches at the luncheon were admirable; both distinguished visitors and the local speakers being in a particularly happy vein. Sir William White's effort as superb, both as regards subject matter and the manner of its delivery. On all sides I heard commendation of the arrangements and their carrying out, from the highly delighted visitors, and I am sure the brief stay of the British Association in Edmonton will bear good fruit in the days to come.

I have left the pleasant task of criticizing the Old Maids' Convention and Tom Thum's Wedding in the hands of the Musical and Dramatic Editor, feeling that one old maid is in no position to speak disrespectfully of others of her own age and sex. Did I do so I should be accused of talking scandal, and being an old gossip generally. But I must refer to Mrs. Bower Campbell's strenuous work and unselfish devotion of both time and her home in the interests of the entertainment. Practically all of the rehearsals took place at her residence, and all the responsibility and details of the performance fell to her lot. If the affair is a big success, as it promises to be after its first performance last evening, the major portion of the credit should go where it belongs, to Mrs. Campbell, without whose aid I feel assured, it could never have taken place.

But what a beautiful sight the children presented at the miniature wedding! I remember nothing finer of its kind ever. The handsome bride, the groom, the parson, the entire wedding party, and the guests in background. What beautiful, clever children we have in our midst; such lovely young lads, such lovely wee lasses. When old maids have passed out of mind, and even Professor Pinkerton, and his wonderful "Transformer," shall have been forgotten, the memory of the grave, fresh childish faces will remain—a beautiful picture.

On Saturday Mrs. Alex. May was the hostess of a charming Five O'Clocker at her commodious residence at the head of Fourth street, when a large number of smartly frocked women made their way, at the tea hour, to enjoy her hospitality. Mrs. May was wearing a handsome black net gown over taffeta, which became her admirably. While, with art doors, the sun acted like a spoiled child, hiding the light of his countenance, the tea room was a veritable stage of splendour, the table being most artistically arranged with the golden beauties, which rested on a lace centre, on a polished oak table. Mrs. McDougall and Mrs. P. T. Butchart presided over the tea and coffee during the first hour being later relieved by Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Stocks, while Mrs. Ricket served the ices, and Mrs. Chas. May and Miss Alice McDougall assisted.

Madame Thibaudan leaves on Monday on a visit to Montreal and other eastern cities.

An exceptionally pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. John McNaughton yesterday afternoon, when his younger daughter, Miss Theodora Isabella, was united to Mr. Albert William Cairns, P.O. inspector at Edmonton, Alberta. The house was tastefully decorated with palms and autumn flowers in yellow and white, the bride and groom standing beneath a large bell, composed of golden blossoms while the ceremony was performed. Miss Helen McNaughton, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and her brother, Mr. F. M. McNaughton, was best man. The bride was gown in embroidered Brussels net over white crystal silk and she wore the veil and orange blossoms in which her mother had been led to the altar. She carried a nosegay of white asters, sweet peas, and maiden hair fern. Her going away gown was of pale gold Shantung silk with touches of old rose and long coat and hat to match. In the absence of the Rev.

(Continued on Page Ten)

### MISS FIELDERS

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## New Fall Styles in Women's Coats

The  
Semi-Fitting  
Coat  
made  
48 to 54  
inches  
long is  
correct for  
this  
season's  
wear



The Prices  
range  
from  
\$11.00  
\$15.00  
\$16.00  
and  
up to  
\$25.00  
sizes  
32 to 44

### Fashion's Mandate Declares

That in the matter of women's separate coats, for the season of 1909-10, they shall be worn with semi-fitting back, not quite so pronounced as last year, in fact in some cases there is the merest suggestion of the waist line. And the length anywhere from 48 to 54 inches, depending upon taste and the lady's stature.

#### A POPULAR COAT

At a popular price, comes in navy and green, with double-breasted front, collar and lapels, scalloped yoke with 1-2 inch stitched straps of self, extending from yoke to bottom of coat. Lined to waist with good quality satin. This coat is really remarkable value at our price. Only \$11.00

#### A TAILORED COAT

Here is a handsome model, tailored in sateen heavier cloth, double breasted front and back, velvet collar, plain sleeves, semi-fitting back, trimmed at waist line with satin covered buttons and silk soutache braid. Length 50 inches, half lined with mercerized cotton. This dressy coat comes in black only, any size. Price \$21.00

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FROM THE SKETCH

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Songs by HAYDEN MORRIS, the Popular Baritone.

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ALICE PINCKSTON - In Pictured Melodies  
EMPIRE ORCHESTRA - Overture, "Northern Lights"MATINEES: Monday, Wednesday and Saturday  
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## Try this Receipt for getting your meals promptly

Good kindling, a lighted match and dry, well-seasoned, tindery wood such as we sell.

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Any joint you like to order, Spring Chicken,  
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Cold Meats sold by the pound or less.

### Our Home-Made Baking

In full swing again, now we have enlarged  
our kitchen.

BAILLIE HAMILTON'S

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## The Tip Top Tea Rooms

MOST POPULAR PLACE IN TOWN  
FORAfternoon Tea,  
Lunches, etc.

Ice Cream

Chocolates

## FRUIT

Fine

Peaches  
Pears  
Apples  
Plums

Lowest Prices Cash Only

### "The Cabin"

656 First Street. Phone 2723

## THE MIRROR

(Continued from Page Three.)

sheet, Mr. Harnsworth has apparently done nothing but look about for new worlds to conquer. The staid old Times, stopping to gasp for more financial backing, crossed his path and was gathered in with the rest, a column relating to Lady Midea's "wonderful Worth gowns, and the Duchess of Blankshire's "rapacious pearls" giving to the world the secret of the new control.

Where the old journalism stood for convictions and appealed to the minds of the responsible public, Alfred Harnsworth appealed to the emotions of the irresponsible. In place of news he gives sensation; for reasoning, passion.

Lord Salisbury referred to the new style papers as "written by office boys for office boys" but Lord Northcliffe had his revenge when he told of Salisbury's nephew, fell the duty of raising the "head office boy" to the peerage.

In the offices of the papers under his control, Lord Northcliffe refers to his publications as his "shop window."

"What is wrong with the 'shop window' today?" he will say, pointing to an offending issue.

He is the "shop window" journalist, with whom what was a profession, has developed into a trade. He is a wonderful floor-walker, buying and exposing for sale only such things as will attract the general public.

For ideals, moral uplift, any conception of right because it is right, you must look elsewhere than in the Northcliffe publications. But if you want to view success and a worshipper of success, consult the Harnsworth's papers, and the man himself.

A strange figure, surely, head and shoulders above his fellows and yet a common man only in an unbecoming degree. From out the smart blue suit, the green tourist hat, and the soft, low-necked collar, looked forth a face of bulldog tenacity, of tremendous force, half-marked from tip to toe with worldly power and appreciation of the fact, but his talk had nothing in it the very least touching on ideals—and I think I have decided that I prefer pretty problems, and the little ten-year old suits to even a Harnsworth, who, after all, is but a transition phase, in the working out of a newer and a better journalism, where the old and responsible will come into its own, but in a newer and more attractive dress.

Sensational and fashionable colors was and wane and the "yellow" can not always hope to suit the popular fancy.

## THE MARKET AND THE WOMAN.

Do you know what is the woman's latest complaint of you, little city of Edmonton? You, who are according to Lords and the world's greatest scientists, tourists and our local orators, astonishing the world by your growth? It is that you are doing us a market place, where of a Saturday, and perhaps a Wednesday morning, we might meet and do our market provisioning for the week.

Whisper it not across the river, tell it not at the Twin City pink tea, but they have one across in progress, little Strathcona, and street cars are running fairly regularly, and Western women don't object to a little joint and—well, you'd better get busy likewise pretty soon, or you'll live to be sorry for it. For a market is of all places a temptation after a woman's own heart. We have been brought up to get used to them. There most of us have learned such little household economy and lessons in certain lines of domestic science as we are possessed of, with our mothers as instructors, or maybe, in solitary state with our experience to lay, we have regularly forgotten, the last day of the week, and from the interesting assemblage of food joints, and fruit and vegetables, have selected a delicious or disappointing dinner on the following day.

As I said, we have grown used to come a marketing of a Saturday morning, and I know women who have lived in the West for years, who still hanker after the fine old custom.

A market, needless to remark, serves many purposes.

It provides a spot where town and country meet, where, to mutual satisfaction, the town man can acquire reasonably what the farmer has to dispose of, and the latter, in his turn, can get in exchange, the thing he stands in greatest need of, cash without any waiting for it.

It means that massed in close proximity, and on easy of being investigated, the quality of dairy and farm produce will be improved, that those

occupying stalls will take a price, the wares they offer for sale; that a healthy rivalry will be stirred up between "flow Park" and "Gold Bar" farm offerings; that one woman will become famous for her fine butter, another for her excellent towel, and yet the unvarying freshness of the wares she sells, and others still for their vegetable truck. It compares in its life of trade, a market is in stimulating factor in bringing about better conditions on the farm and in the city. For in order to get good results in dairy products, cleanliness and care are absolutely requisite, and experienced farmers and greenhorns alike will learn that it pays to run their farms along up-to-date and sanitary lines.

A market means equal advantages from the townsfolk's point of view, it will mean the equalization of prices, a strong point in its favor.

It means lower prices, all around, and business on a cash basis. It teaches the economy of buying right.

A woman learns to know what and whereof she is buying. Meat being put on the spot and a practical lesson thus given in the art of buying, she appreciates the value of the various cuts. By comparison, even the most foolish and frivolous young housekeeper comes in time to realize that if she will insist on buying birds of two plump proportions, and stuff as to the breast bone, and dark in the legs, she must expect to have her husband swear when he leaves it. That blue looking doesn't good eating, an dime thousand and one other points that distinguish the good housekeeper's table from the bad.

It means that she of the modest income will learn to count the pennies and spend them to the best advantage, that incidentally every one will be the gainer; the farmer by securing good cash prices, the husband by seeing his hard earned salary spent to the best advantage, the city woman by making it easier to hold the families who come out here, and who hold some prices prohibitive to raising an even fair-sized household.

But how about the stores, you argue, will it not hurt them? I never saw a store that people acquire the habit of making cash purchases, and get away with running up long accounts. The quality of their dairy supplies is improved and thus much loss prevented, the farmer and his family have more ready money to spend, they come oftener to town, they wear more in dress and buying up-to-date things—everyone is infinitely the gainer.

I have not touched on the field such an institution would open up for the small market gardener and poultry raiser, or with the delightful occupation of seeing to market on a bright summer morning and seeing the fresh stuffs displayed in tempting array, or the social and moral aspect of women gathering together for the better studying of household economy. Enough that we need and earnestly desire a market, that if we can't get one of our own, our twin sister will help us out, and then watch out for a howl. PEGGY.

## The First Ascent of the Highest Peak in the Canadian Rockies

Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, has at last been conquered. For many years the top of this mighty mountain has been the goal for mountain climbers of all nationalities, but it remained for a Canadian, Rev. George Kinney of Kenosha, Wis., to be the first to attain the summit.

Mr. Kinney was in Edmonton for a few days this week on his return from his trip and spoke quite freely to a Saturday News representative about his marvellous climb. He is a medium sized man, but of fine physique and extremely wiry; just such a man as one would pick out as a mountain climber.

Mount Robson, besides being the highest peak is also the most difficult to ascend owing to its rugged slopes, while the others rise on a gradual slope, Mount Robson rises over



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Who may be sent to Canada to advise on military defence



VICE ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

Now on a visit to Canada

two miles from its valleys at an average slope of sixty degrees.

Mr. Kinney has been mountain climbing for a number of years, but drifted into the sport quite accidentally. He had always been an ardent naturalist and in the quest for specimens had occasion to make short climbs up some of the smaller peaks. Gradually climbing began to grow upon him and finally he decided to ascend to the top of one of the higher mountains just to see what it was like, and also for the purpose of taking some photographs. Mr. Kinney then discovered the fascination of a long climb with a little danger to add spice to it, and from that time since has been the most ardent of mountaineers and has devoted all his vacations to this sport.

He had already made four trips up Mount Robson but never succeeded in reaching the summit. He set out this year again by himself, but picked up Mr. Phillips who had accompanied him in previous years in the Yellowstone Pass.

While waiting at the foot of the mountain for a suitable day, the provisions ran out, and when the sum total of their larder consisted of a little rice and stray gophers that they had killed, it was decided that the ascent could no longer be delayed, despite the fact that the weather was very unfavorable. The first day they made 11,000 feet and then camped for the night, utterly exhausted by fatigue, and the inclement weather. At daybreak the climb was resumed, and after a total of twenty hours climbing, they reached the summit. Mr. Kinney says this was one of the greatest moments of his life, when, after four unsuccessful attempts, he at last attained the apex of all mountain climbers in Canada.

When asked if he lingered very long on the top, Mr. Kinney answered very emphatically in the negative. The cold was so intense that after taking some photographs, preparations were quickly made for the descent. Descending is much easier work than the climb but also more dangerous. The first part is made slowly but when the slopes become more gradual, the sliding begins. Imagine a number of toboggan slides of 2000 feet lengths, and you will have some idea of the return trip.

Mr. Kinney said that the wind at the summit was a tremendous velocity. Little wind clouds that were floating idly by, at the height of 14,000 feet have the velocity of express trains. The view is beyond description, and after hearing him talk of the climb, its hardships and also its beauties, one can easily imagine the fascination this "sportiest of all sports" can have for a man with red blood in his veins.

What makes this successful ascent all the more interesting to Canadians is that a large party of English climbers with Swiss guides, have arrived with the avowed intention of being the first to scale Mount Robson. They set out from Edmonton, headed by Mr. Amery of the London Times, early in August, but Mr. Kinney, a representative of the Canadian Alpine Club with one companion, has forestalled them and won the coveted distinction they came so far to obtain. All hail to this athletic young clergyman!

Mr. Kinney has also made a number of discoveries in the course of his former climbs, many of great geographical importance to Canada. One, the discovery of a watershed containing a glacier, 6 miles in length by 2 miles in breadth, is used to mark part of the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia.

When asked if he would try any of the Alaskan Mountains, Mr. Kinney replied that "once a mountain climber, always a mountain climber." But he intimated that in being the first to scale Mount Robson successfully he had attained the zenith of his ambitions.

## The University of Alberta

STRATHCONA, ALTA.

Matriculation Examinations begin Sept. 21st. Classes open Sept. 28th. Courses offered leading to B.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

Teaching will be given in 1909 in 1st, 2nd, 3rd years in Arts and 1st and 2nd years Applied Science.

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## At the Junction of the Bow and Elbow

The bank clearings at Calgary last week footed up \$1,775,000 or a 56.6 per cent. increase over last year. The Bank of Toronto has moved into its new premises on First street east, just north of the post office, and is ready for business. As soon as the Grain Exchange building is finished the Bank of Toronto will move into far handsomer quarters. Mr. W. A. Stratton, of Toronto, is in charge of the bank and has five assistants.

The following report has been made to the Mayor and Council by the committee on legislation and by-laws:

Your committee on legislation and by-laws beg to report the following recommendations:

1. We recommend that the taxes for sewer and water for local improvements against lots in blocks 1, 9, 120 and 121, on the south side of Sixteenth avenue, be remitted, and that the same be provided for hereafter in a special by-law.

2. Your committee, together with the engineer, city electrician, and the chief of the fire department have had an interview with the residents of Crescent Heights, with a view of being annexed to the city, and as the ratepayers of that district are desirous of knowing what probable local improvements are likely to be made in that vicinity during the coming year, provided said district is annexed to the city your committee, after giving due consideration to the said proposals beg to strongly recommend to next year's council the propriety of placing a sum of \$25,000 for water and light extensions in by-laws to be submitted to the people early next spring, when further estimates for water and light throughout the rest of the city are being submitted.

3. That an application be made forthwith to the board of railway commissioners which sits in this city at an early date, to have a 12 foot sub-way constructed on First street east, and that the city solicitor be instructed to prepare the usual papers therefor.

There is not much new to relate in the city hall situation. The appraising of the building has been going on and nothing more, evidently, will be done until the report of the appraiser is made. The question again arises in regard to the matter as to whether our present method of governing cities by means of a Mayor and Council is an ideal one. It sometimes occurs to those who look into the question that possibly this method of government may be somewhat antiquated, and is rather an inheritance from by-gone centuries. Of course, we received it from our ancestors and perpetuated it; accepting it as a fact that it was the method, and having grown up under it, knew no other. This is possibly more true of other conditions. But the life of our cities of late years has become

so much more complicated that it may be a debatable point as to whether we shall not have to seek some other means that are more direct or more concentrated.

Not very many aldermen or councillors that have served one term or two are particularly anxious for reelection. The power of an alderman is limited practically to the time when he may cast his vote. He can talk a good deal and take up quite some time, but until he casts his vote in most cases his power is very limited. In fact, as often as not, the aldermen can defeat the best efforts of those opposing an obnoxious measure, and can carry things on much as they like, if they wish to. The brightest men or most experienced may not always be in the majority.

In most of our great enterprises we see individual responsibility is placed upon individual men. When we send a general into the field to command an army we do not compel him to act as a majority of a certain number of councillors accompanying may direct. But we elect a mayor of a city and then the him down with many restrictions, and the aldermen with all more. Being an alderman under our present method is rather an anomalous position, for an alderman may feel himself to be somewhat important in the council chamber, but when he walks out on the street his power almost ceases. He may vote for a measure but have nothing to do with carrying it out in detail.

We have gone a step further and have made commissioners, but these as I understand it, form a board, whereas they might be made personally responsible each for a department in the way that our railroad or other officials are made by the corporations that they serve. We pitfork our aldermen into responsible positions without possibly knowing if they have previous experience of the work they undertake. As soon as they are elected we begin by force of habit, to suspect them of all sorts of things they never did before; whereas, on their part, they find themselves let down by red tape or law, and also find they are not able to do a whole lot of things they thought they could do before election.

It seems very doubtful if street railways, light plants, waterworks, etc., etc., can ever be satisfactorily handled by a board of a mayor and aldermen, as the system is too complicated and too indirect. There are too many fingers in the pie, so it takes too long to fix responsibility when things go wrong. Besides which we have no remedy for ineapacity but just have to pay for it.

What the plans of the future may bring forth we know not, but are of the opinion that the complication of municipal ownerships are too great for our present mayors and aldermen,

as at present constituted, and governed by our present laws, to effectively or efficiently handle to their own satisfaction or that of the cities and towns they govern.

It looks as if it would be much simpler, more direct and effective to elect a mayor and heads of each department, who should be experts in the line which they are to govern or manage, all to be paid good salaries for the work they do, and each individually responsible for the work he has to do.

Perhaps some wise heads will formulate a scheme of betterment for the present method seems to give little satisfaction to those in office or those out of it.

If this method is not practised by our large business corporations it surely is not the best way to do it, and plans found to succeed in large business enterprises might be copied in a greater degree in our public affairs.

We see as we walk about Calgary a splendid lot of school buildings, finished in good time, in good working order and running without friction, yet we cannot build a city hall without trouble. In the one case we have a Minister of Public Works in control, or responsible for everything in his department, the one chosen for his ability, in the other a mixed board of mayor and aldermen, many of whom perhaps, have qualified in other lines; and a board of commissioners on beyond this, the power and responsibility distributed indefinitely.

We note the death of Mr. E. H. Harrison last week, yet so well were his affairs left in the hands of three heads of departments, who were experts, and personally responsible each for his separate trust, that the gigantic works and interests they engaged in proceeded with their daily functions without a flutter. But then these men gave their whole time to their work and are paid for it. It would seem that governing cities and the works thereof is just as much a profession as railroading, soldiering or salting or what not; and that the sooner this is recognized the better for all parties concerned for we certainly need greater simplicity and more efficiency; and those that have done so much work in Alberta so far, free of charge to the rest of the community, are entitled to our consideration, as in many cases their faults are the faults of our system.

The wholesale division of our city is making great strides and small buildings are dying out as the large ones take over their place. On Eighth avenue, just west of Centre street, one large structure is growing like a mushroom. The foundation for another is ready for the superstructure. As soon as the finished, the show in the wholesale district will be far more imposing, especially when the Grain Exchange building is finished, to top the whole off.

Calgary has been having a quieter week since the lunch of so many visitors from the outside world arrived last week. There have lately been the Scientists from Great

Britain, Lord Strathcona, the athletic meeting, the finish of the football matches, and the end of the baseball season, etc., etc., all going at once, and not counting many other diversions of different characters to fill up the time. In the last few days we have been more able to stand about and attend to our own affairs, to take our breath or consider local matters strictly.

Considerable progress has been made with paving this summer and the city will be in good shape for the winter.

—STEPHEN.

## TALKING ABOUT THE FRANK SLIDE

Some mutton head who sends correspondence to the Calgary and Lethbridge papers from Blairmore sent out reports last week which have done Frank a great and unwarranted injury. One of the items referred to was the following which appeared in the papers referred to amongst other Blairmore correspondence.

"Quite a number of visitors and residents are to be seen each day climbing the Turtle mountain on the Blairmore side and the general report from them is that the cracks are opening and small slides are expected all the summer in Frank, but it is not generally thought that anything serious will again happen."

On the face of the item there is nothing alarming about it and the facts might be as stated and still be nothing to excite alarm among people of this district who are aware that the mountain rolls every summer more or less but to people living away from the Pass who know nothing about the facts, that little item has big significance. The result of its appearance was illustrated to a number of Frank citizens who had occasion to go away from home last week. They report that in the places they visited, they were besieged by persons who inquired anxiously how much damage had been done by the latest slide. As is always the case, the simplest little item had been greatly exaggerated by being repeated by persons who had not read it but had heard of it.

If there was any truth in such a report no one could complain, but the fact is that it is absolutely false. There has been no slide this summer greater than occurs a hundred times every summer and the cracks are not widening. The Rev. T. D. Jones and Robert McGowan climbed the mountain Tuesday to investigate and they report that there not only is no crack behind the west peak from which the only trouble could come but that the only cracks there are the ones at the extreme top which have been there since the slide and they are no wider than they have always been.

It is to be deplored that any one would send out such a report knowing the harm it must do in the way of weakening confidence unless assured of its truth and its extreme singularity any paper would publish it without verifying it.—The Frank Paper.

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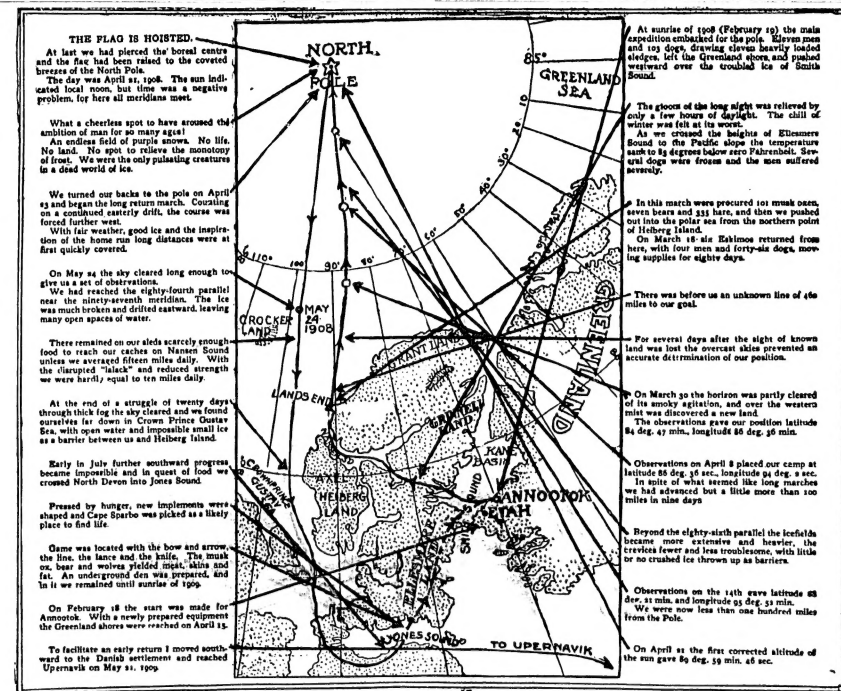
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524 Nanaway Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

## Here and There

**A WOMAN'S NO.**  
By Sam S. Stinson.

When first I asked her for a kiss  
She was a tiny little miss,  
A lass of five or so.  
I knelt and tied her dainty shoe,  
And then demanded as my due  
A kiss. She answered "No."  
(That was fifteen years ago.)

When next I asked her for a kiss,  
It did not seem at all amiss  
To see the ruddy glow

That spread across her dimpled face,  
And added double to her grace,  
But still she answered "No."  
(That was five years ago.)

Last night once more I begged a kiss  
And pictured to myself the bliss,  
And still she answered "No."  
But hatched could I believe my ears?  
(One sentence that dispelled my fears:  
"Oh, dear! but you are so slow!"  
(That was one night ago.)

Of course we're slow, we of the older generation, for we did not grow up with the girls in the same way that the boys do nowadays, or only saw them at a distance when mom was near or they had a chaperon. Of course we tried to improve the shining hour when we did get a chance, and perhaps both sides went a little faster first because we had so few really good opportunities. It's the things we can not have that makes us want them all the more, so perhaps our love efforts were all the more intense because only indulged in at long drawn out intervals. The older people used to say that if we went to fast at first it wouldn't last so the carrot was put out at the end of a pole, and was held at some distance from the end of our nose and we could not get a bite till we were good and hungry, then, perhaps, just at the critical moment, when we were ready to grasp our good luck there was someone else, and it was "No."

The difficult thing for a really young man is to find out when "No" means "Yes," at least it used to be, but nowadays the boys seem to know more or just glide into it from enjoying so much proximity. Just which is the best plan perhaps will not be told until a few generations hence. But we had better be careful and not say too much, like the boy in the following story, and thus get pulled up.

The former head of a large private school in Detroit was a gentleman of dignified bearing, refined, and correct always in manner and speech. By birth and early raising, he was a Vermonter, and doubtless of straight Puritan extraction.

One day in his boyhood his mother called him in from the yard, where he was playing with other boys to say to him in a tone of mingled sadness and severity:

"Charles, my son, I never thought I hear you use a swear word!"  
"Why, mother," said the boy, "I didn't use any swear word, I only said 'the devil.' Nobody thinks that's swearing."

"I don't care," replied the mother, quickly. "It's making light of sacred things, and you must not do so again."

It has always been a puzzle to me why we should have been built with so much tendency to go the wrong way, and have to struggle so hard to go the right way. At any rate some of us might have been made with an easier row to hoe, for it would have helped out the average. Then the very good ones, not

feeling the necessity, would not so incessantly feel it so incumbent on them to spoil the sport of the unchosen. But then, it's only people who occasionally get their hair out of curl who can feel real, or any amount of sympathy for the last mentioned individuals. Some were never born very mortal, or, at least, have stilled themselves up for so long as better than the rest of us that they won't give us a chance to do better.

Years ago about half the men you sat over a lone camp fire with, had a tale of woe, and told you why they were out here by their lonesome. It was nearly always because the girl had said "No." The lamentable thing about it is that, probably, half the girls were sitting about several thousands of miles away cursing themselves for not saying "Yes," or thinking what clumps the several men were that they did not ken that "No" meant "Yes."

But, really, when the man went back he found the other party had found consolation.

"Men have died and worms have eaten them; but not for love."

Which is a very nasty thing to put into verse.

"Empty handed from the quest,  
North and South and East and West—  
Empty-handed we return,  
Grieving that we may not learn  
Where in all the world to buy  
Stuff of Dreams. And now we sigh

Where is all the Stuff of Dreams,  
Much we had but yesterday.  
Only children now, it seems,  
Toss the fabric in their play!"

We must not repine, however, because so few of us are ever as happy as Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear the Lord has smiled on you."  
"Smiled on me," repeated Jones, "he laughed out loud on me." Everybody's.

Why is it that some people seem to have all the woes of other people's love affairs poured into their ears, while others go scott free. If only we had thought to put down some of these woe-laden tales, told by a lone camp fire, and then compared them later with what really did happen in the end, what a fund of information it would now furnish. The funny part about it is they usually told you the girl's name. Probably those who did not talk at all had had much the same experience, but kept it to themselves, name and all. If I was a woman, I think, before I went very far with a man, I would find out if he was a sieve or not. But then the dears have that tendency to defy, to overcome and caution is forgotten; so when we take a heat or we go "Splosh," whether we get "Yes," or in diving too far, but our head on a rock at the bottom and get "No."

After all, it may be better to go to bed early every night and keep out of trouble. But the best of plans may be upset by an unexpected answer, and a doubt left.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of three pounds a week, darling?" he asked, after she said "Yes."

"I'll try, Jack," replied she, "but what will you do?"—Tit Bit.

Personally, myself, I wouldn't set

married unless I had at least a million to start with.

The North Pole is going to give us a great deal of trouble before we are through with it. After the trials and tribulations of many centuries, the North Pole has been discovered by two men. One says both have been there, the other says only one. One says he nailed the Stars and Stripes to the pole, though he doesn't relate what kind of wood it is made of, while the other says it's only an hole with the ice about as big as a quarter. Both were in a hurry to get away. The most level headed man implicated in the mix-up is President Taft who was presented with the North Pole by Commander Peary by wire. But he replied that he did not know what to do with it and had no use for it, possibly being divided in his mind as to whether it was a pole or a hole in the ice. The pole cannot come by wire and Mr. Taft cannot or does not want to sit on a hole in the ice the size of a quarter, so it not being his size, discreetly leaves it alone, the wisest man in the party.

For the rest, much of the trouble is to come.

This trouble of the North Pole, takes us back to the time when Sir George Nares went after it and came back without it. Coming back, the Alert and the Discovery were coming down the coast of Ireland, and as they were running in close to shore they espied a garden party being held at a country place. Not having seen any ladies for two years or more of course the telescopes came out and there was much long range spying done.

One officer says, "What's the matter with the women, they look different?" "Let me look," said another. The difficulty was not solved, however, till an irreverent junior exclaimed, "Good Lord, they've lost their sterns."

While they were looking for the Pole, bustles had gone out of fashion. This was in the 70's and I had the story direct.

J. C. O.

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J. C. O.

**SKY PILOTS OLD AND NEW**

"Sky Pilot" is one of the expressions of this continent in which the English writer, William Archer, in an article in the current Scribners, declares that he takes special joy.

Our own Ralph Connor, who was a real celebrity only a few years ago, used it as the title of one of those moral literary works of his.

"Sky Pilot" was invented by Mark Twain, and came into general recognition as a result of the great popularity of the story of Buck Farnshaw's funeral in Mark's early book, "Roughing It."

Mr. Archer does well to take joy in the term while he may. Its symbolic use will presently be driven out by the advance of science.

The Wrights, Curtiss, Bleriot, Latham and other aviators are now commonly described in the news as sky pilots, without any quotation marks or any indication that the phrase did not have its origin with aviation.

The actual sky pilot is becoming so large a figure of the news, and will bulk so large in the literature of the next twenty years, that the origin of one of the most vividly picturesque bits of slang ever invented is in a fair way to be lost.

Will the time ever come when our grandchildren read in a "Roughing It" in some edition of nineteenth century classics, as they sit at ease in an upholstered car of the Winnipeg and Fort Churchill Limited Sky Express on their way to a week-end at the Bay, will wonder if Scotty Briggs, in his search for a "sky pilot," was seeking an aviator to take the body of his friend Buck East?

**A Curious Case of Longevity**

One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louise Courtney's "Notes of an Octogenarian." A witness in a will case in which Bellen-Ker, the great English connoisseur, was engaged, was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had one brother who died 150 years ago. The court expressed incredulity and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement. This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of 10, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of 75, and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of 91 and made the above startling statement.

Winnipeg Town Topics.



LEFT TO RIGHT—VINCENT WARD, LADY WARD, SIR JOSEPH G. WARD AND MISS RUBY SHELDON ON BOARD THE S.S. CAMPANIA

**SIR JOHN G. WARD, OF NEW ZEALAND, AND SIR EDWARD MORRIS, OF NEWFOUNDLAND, ON SAME SHIP.**

Sir John G. Ward, K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, Lady Ward, and their son, Dr. Leslie D. Ward, were passengers on the Campania, of the Cunard line, arriving in New York recently and here yesterday. With them were Miss Ruby Sheldon, daughter of Sir John Richard Sheldon, once Premier of New Zealand.

Sir John is returning from the Imperial Defence Conference, which was held in London from July 28th to August 20th. The part New Zealand had played in the Conference was to give to Great Britain a Dreadnought that will cost New Zealand \$10,000,000.

The party remained at the Waldorf Astoria a few days, and then journeyed west and on to New Zealand through Canada. The Premier said he wished to be there for the opening of the Legislature.



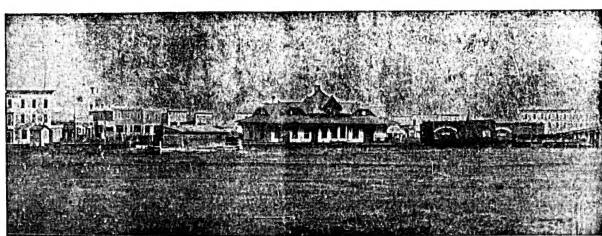
SIR EDWARD MORRIS AND LADY MORRIS

# Buy a Lot in the Pilkie Estate, Vermilion

The demand for fair sized comfortable houses to-day in Vermilion is greater than the supply

Building operations on the new branch of the C.N.R. running north will commence in the very near future—the bonds of this branch are guaranteed by the Alberta Legislature. When construction begins the demand for houses by railway men will increase still more.

The Pilkie Subdivision is in the central west end of Vermilion—they are right in the town, not 300 yards from the C.N.R. station as shown in the cut. The photo itself was taken from a corner lot in the property offered for sale.



Just as soon as you can erect a house on any one of these lots there is not the slightest doubt of securing an immediate tenant.

This is not a speculative proposition but a definite opportunity for making an investment which will net immediate and profitable returns.

Do it now, and get in on the ground floor.

**A Lot in the Pilkie Subdivision will produce returns as soon as a House is built on it.**

Only a small deposit down is necessary. Terms very easy. Write to-day for full particulars

**R. A. PILKIE - - - VERMILION, ALTA.**

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Greatest Piano Opportunity ever known in Western Canada.

Entire Stock must be sold before moving to our new quarters Oct. 1st

That the public appreciates the exceptional values offered in this great sale, is evidenced by the large number of people who have visited our store, and the fact that a number of choice instruments have already been sold.

In the first place, nothing but standard high grade instruments, those that are carried in our regular stock, are included in this sale, such as *THE AUTONOLA, the greatest Player Piano on earth, THE NEW ART BELL, the Piano with the Sweet Tone, the Lachner, Bachman, Goetzmann,* and other pianos of wide reputation.

There are no better instruments under the sun, and our prices during this sale are in many instances less than actual cost to manufacture.

If you have an old piano or organ that is not up-to-date, come in and exchange it for a new instrument, we will allow you the cash price for it, and will make very easy terms to suit you. Better come to-day and get the best selection.

Beautiful Organs from \$25.00 up

# THE MASTERS PIANO CO.

236 JASPER AVE. W., EDMONTON, ALTA.

AFTER OCT. 1st, 423 &amp; 425 JASPER AVE. W.

### ATHLETICS.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Without baseball and lacrosse what centre would there be for the south of the land to become great and good? See what lung power they develop and what smart catches thrashers they learn on the "bleachers" while they "kill" the umpire with their curses.

Then again, if there be no good players at home they can be imported. Money, you know, will do anything. Fetch along the crack players of the continent and go after game. It is, of course, illegal to get a direct grant from the city council, but take \$500 out of the \$5000 at the city gives the Board of Trade. More ways than one of killing a dog, you know.

There is always the possibility that the imported players may "throw" the game. They are out for the money just the same as piano players, and money, you know. In any case, you see what a splendid advertisement all the newspapers and every body is talking of it.

Shame on you Phoenix, to mention anything so sordid as harvest fields for the big national games, as well as developing brains and brawn, as well as increasing the vocabulary, improving the good manners and elevating the thoughts and aspirations of the young generation. Only "hayseeds" and "bush" — Regina Leader.

### CALGARY WINS THE PROVINCIAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Saturday last, Edmonton soccer enthusiasts had the opportunity of seeing the final game for the championship of the Province. The teams were the Calgarians of Edmonton, and their name was the Calgarians, and the trophy was the Bennett Shield. The Calgarians had held the championship of Canada for the last three years, and lived right up to expectations, and this game by two goals to

Sunday was an ideal football day. It was a bit cool for the comfort of the spectators. However over 8000 people in the elements and sat cheerfully in the grand stand and bliv-

The game started promptly at 6.15

and for the first fifteen minutes the ball stayed in mid-field. Finally it was worked down to the Calgary goal and Lloyd had a most beautiful chance to score. However the shot went wide and the crowd groaned. This was the last chance Edmonton had for some time. Calgary got their combination working in fine shape and Tod was called upon to stop a number of wicked shots. It must not be thought that Edmonton were always on the defensive. The forwards got away time after time but the Calgary defense was impenetrable. Half-time found the score nothing at all.

The second half started off with a rush and the ball travelled from end to end with great rapidity. A shot from Stewart was finely cleared by Tod. Gibson took the ball to the opposing goal and put across a fine centre which was missed as was a centre by Lloyd a few minutes later. Here the great weakness of the home team was demonstrated. There was no one at centre capable of taking care of the passes and all the fine work of Gibson and Lloyd the outside men was wasted. After 20 minutes' play Stewart again shot and the ball was well stopped by Tod, but Sellers managed to score a goal on the rebound. After the kick-off Tod made a fine shot on goal, which was stopped and from now on the game was all Calgary. Their forwards displayed some marvellous combination work, employing the short, quick, passing that was so much admired when Lloydminster was in Edmonton. Indeed, the Edmonton forwards seemed to be standing still, and showed a lack of condition. Just before the whistle blew Towell beat Tod with a shot from close in, making the final score 2-0. There was one man on the Edmonton team, Tweedale, captain, who stood out above all his team mates. He played a splendid game, and only for his magnificent work in the second half, the Calgary score would have been much larger. Lloyd and Gibson were the only forwards at all effective. The team seemed weakened by the absence of Weaver and John son and at no time played their usual confident game.

It would be unfair to single out any of the Calgary Calgians for individual mention the whole team was so uniformly good. They worked together like a well-oiled machine and are without doubt the finest exponents of association football in the Dominion

to-day. The teams fraternized at a banquet in the evening, and were addressed by such well-known men as Hon. C. W. Cross and John A. McDougall M.P.P. The Edmonton Calgians are to be congratulated on their splendid season and have the satisfaction of knowing that it took the best team in Canada to check their victorious march.

The teams lined up as follows: Calgary Calgians—Goal, W. Strang, Backs, A. Vetch and D. McKelchne, Halves, Jas. Haig, Alec. Strang and Jas. Perrie (capt.); Forwards, A. Sellers, G. Johnstone, W. Stewart, T. Stewart and J. Towell.

Edmonton—Goal, P. Tod; Backs, Tweedale and McKenzie; Halves, Adams, Dow and Cowan; forwards, Gibson, Stedman, A. Tod, Smail and Lloyd.

Referee—T. C. Atkinson.

Edmonton once in the net very distant past had a hockey player on its team named Lester Patrick. He never saw Edmonton and only a few people who accompanied the club on its Stanley Cup quest saw him, but still he once was "one of us." So it is of interest to learn that Jimmie Gardner of the Montreal Wanderers, hopes to get Lester back on that team this coming winter.

Southern Alberta's preeminence in the world of polo continues. The other clubs at the tournament in Winnipeg were not in the same class with the Pekisko, High River and the Pincer Creek teams. These played off the final former winning by three to one, and capturing the cup presented last year by Lord Winterston, while on a tour of Western Canada.

The Western Canada basketball league has not proven a startling success. Like the man who claimed he was the best fighter in the United States the trouble was that it covered too much ground. Now the talk is of a league next year to take in only Alberta and Saskatchewan. Calgary reports coming through the season only \$50 in the hole.

Hon. C. W. Cross has donated a cup for a five mile race, open to all amateurs in the districts of Red Deer, Victoria, Strathcona and Edmonton. This is to be completed for at the

end of April, June, August and October in each year. The person winning it the most frequently in three years is to retain possession. This year there are to be two races, on September 25th and on Thanksgiving Day. The cup is in the custody of the Edmonton Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Cross' interest in athletics has been demonstrated frequently. The handsome cup for the open golf championship, won last week by Mr. Shaw, of Calgary, was donated by the Attorney-General.

The success of the Irish-Canadian Amateur Athletic Association of Edmonton at the Labor Day games in Calgary, was celebrated by that organization on the return of the competitors by a drive about the city in a "Tally-ho."

Kent's win of the English county cricket championship has proven a very popular one. The men of Kent are recognized as a high type of sportsmen. Their percentage was 70.47, 15 games won, 2 lost and 8 drawn. Lancashire was second with 55.55, and Yorkshire third with 50. Sussex and Surrey followed with Hampshire and Northamptonshire, two counties which have made remarkable progress, next in order, both with a balance of games won.

In the batting averages, three Australians, Armstrong, Bardsley and Ransford, were at the top, with A. P. Day, of Kent, the leading English batsman, followed by Hobbs, Fry and Denton.

### COVER POINT.

The West End Supply Company have opened up another store—this one on First street. The new place is known as the Cabin and is located just south of the new addition to the King Edward Hotel. They are making a specialty of fruit at the new place and ladies who are looking for fine quality in pears, peaches, plums, apples and other fruits for canning purposes would do well to visit the Cabin or enquire by Phone 2723. They are selling for cash only and so suffer no loss from bad debts. Their prices are therefore naturally low and their increasing business is justifying the cash system.

### Theatres and Theatregoers

"J. M. E." in the Toronto Sunday World, makes this very admirable contribution to a familiar discussion, which is decidedly timely in view of the opening of the dramatic year.

Theatrical people themselves are not so guilty of offering trash as are the public in asking for it. It is a fact beyond peradventure that good, wholesome productions, played by clean, high-minded actors and actresses are forced in, off the road because citizens will not support them, whereas a cheap production of holier-than-thou acting and doubtful just will attract crowds. Who is to blame? The managers and producers? Certainly not. The men and women who pay in money at the ticket are their own accusers, and it would be much more logical for moralists and clergymen to lecture on "The Sins of Hypocrites," rather than to offer the "Evils of the Stage."

It is human to blame bad conduct on someone else, but it is not Christian, and all the public has to do to purify the stage—if it needs purifying—is to express its displeasure over what is improper. It is base hypocrisy to sit through a performance, enjoy it to the limit, and then go out and in some drawing-room condemn a theatre, or manager, or producer, for lowering the tone of the stage.

The theatres are now opening their doors in Toronto. Between now and next May every possible kind of performance will be given, from tragedy to burlesque. It is for the people of this city to say what the morals of our stage are to be, not for the managers or players. This comment, therefore, it for you, Mr. Regular Attendee, Mrs. Fashionable, and Miss Innocent. Be honorable enough to be honest, and then, not until then, will a sermon on the "Evils of the Stage" carry the full lessons it is intended to convey.

To the hundreds of thousands who have enjoyed his plays, the news of the death of Clyde Fitch will occasion regret. He had a long list to his credit. Despite the success of "Girls," the much-criticized "The Blue Mouse," and other of his more recent successes, I think that his best work was of the later nineties. "Barbara Frietich" alone entitles him to grateful remembrance, and "Lover's Lane," with

that inimitable big "little girl," Milla James, who that ever saw it can easily forget it?

### AT THE EMPIRE

Another excellent bill was presented this week at the Empire and met with the approbation of everybody. Cairns, the world-famed illusionist, opened the performance, and got on very friendly terms, by coming down among the audience. He has some very good tricks, but his work drags at times. The Ramsdell Sisters did some very neat dancing and Charles Higgins showed himself a well-trained violinist.

The Still City Quartette sang a few songs acceptably but their work was marred by some attempted comedy, on the part of a member. Why is it that a quartette must always have a so-called funny man? Their efforts are always painful and mar the effect of their companions' work. Yule and Simpson in a comedy sketch were excellent. The male member of the team has a magnificent voice and finished up his performance with an imitation of a circus rhapsody. It sounded so real that one instinctively looked around for the elephants.

The Luigi Piccaro Troupe were the headliners and deserved the place of honor. The troupe numbers four, and each is a trained athlete. They work so quickly and easily that their stunts appear less difficult than they really are.

Miss Alice Pinckstone rendered the illustrated song, "Think of the girl down home," in her usual finished style, and the moving pictures ended a very well balanced programme.

### WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY

#### CHANGE OF BILL AT THE EMPIRE LAST NIGHT.

The Empire's bill changed tonight for the week following and the same bill will be presented Saturday both matinee and evening, when the programme will change again the coming Thursday. In the new offering the management absolutely guarantee a superior performance to what has already been presented.

The headline attraction is a daring and sensational high parallel bar (Continued on Page Ten.)

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## An Evening With Lilliputians and Old Maids.

A decided novelty in the world of amusement was presented at the Theatre Royal, Edmonton on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week before audiences that were large even for the immense auditorium available. A Lilliputian wedding, with an unusual crush of guests was followed by a new phase of the woman's movement, a Congress of Old Maids. Both were under the direction of Miss Stevens, and that very worthy object, the Y. W. C. A. will benefit to a very considerable extent by the enterprise.

The happy event which attracted such a large concourse of relatives and friends was the marriage of Miss Thompson, who was admirably impersonated by Master Willis. But little to Miss Jimmy June, the winning little bride being in everyday dress. Miss Dot May, daughter of ex-Mayor Charles May. To these and to Master Allan Harvey, the clergyman for the occasion, who could hardly have been improved upon in the discharge of his important function, the speaking parts fell. The crying part, that of the bride's mother, was in the hands of Miss Ella Barnes, who threw much genuine humor into it. The bride-maid in all the glory of costume that wears such an occasion, and the groomsmen, usher and bride's father in immaculate evening dress, the venerable grandmothers, the flower girls, and other attendants, made as pretty a picture as one could wish to see. In the background several hundred guests, who seemed to enjoy the affair to an extent which is denied the average adult who figures in that role at an actual ceremony.

As a mere man, the writer would hardly venture to describe the appearance of the members of the Old Maids' Congress, as they trooped in through the audience to the stage. If you have any family albums in your possession which date back forty or fifty years or have ever attended a golden wedding celebration you may have a small conception of the scene presented. The proceedings of the congress proved most humorous, the experiences related by each of the old maids, the views expressed by them on all the important question of Man, and the suggestions made as to the proper method of coralling him all contributing to the enjoyment of the evening. The local hits were well chosen and as usual amused the audience greatly. The congress was under the presidency of Miss Wetherald and those who participated were: Mrs. R. J. Samuels, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. Wilfrid Gariepy, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Mrs. Knoll, Mrs. Palmer Watt, Miss Wetherald, Miss Crawford, Miss Potter, Miss Smith, Miss Silas, Miss MacKie, Miss Hughes, Miss Maud McKenney, Miss Turner, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Samuels and Mrs. Williams.

Mr. A. E. Nash, as inventor and director of the "Trans-Form Her," the wonderful machine which turned those in the serene and yellow into anything that they wished, produced some striking results. The first to come out of the machine was a young woman with a dream of a voice. As the nightgown in question was Miss Ethel Webster, no one will question the efficiency of the professor's contrivance. Miss Webster sang as she has seldom sung before and received a very warm reception. Mr. A. McLean, in the guise of a negro man, was the second achievement. "So Long, Mary" was given admirably by him followed by a cake walk. Messrs. Reynolds and Seymour came out as most heavenly of Heavenly Twins. Mr. Larry Mammal as a Dutch girl sang that delightful morsel from "Miss Hook from Holland." "I've a pretty pink pretty from Peter" and was fetching in the extreme. The old maid took her dog and Miss Beatrice Samuels emerged carrying a string of sausages. Mr. H. G. Turner, also in very effective disguise, sang "Sal" from "Three Little Maids" in excellent

lent voice, even for a lady. Finally one of the old girls proved too tough a morsel for the mechanism. It smashed to pieces and the show was over.

## Theatres and Theatregoers

(Continued from Page Nine.)

act presented by Newbold and Annie Carroll. The Empire has had two acrobatic acts this season one on each fall, but Newbold and Carroll certainly have a few surprises to hand out. With their own scenery, and the novel manner in which the act is presented, "The Interrupted Angling Party" is sure to make a big hit.

Wilson Franklin and Company have a very funny sketch to offer, entitled "My Wife Won't Let Me." It is centred around the altogether unexpected arrival at the house of an English vicar, during his wife's absence, of a music hall artiste, owing to the accidental break down of the cab. As the vicar is arranged in his stage costume some execrably funny situations arise, and Mr. Franklin knows perfectly how to make the most of them. He is a comedian of rare ability and the sketch will beyond doubt, be one of the longest laugh producers yet seen locally.

Warren and Brockway present "The Musical Jamboree" which is said to be a great musical novelty. They are both expert comedians, and on the slide trombone have gained the reputation of being able to "go some" and then some.

Kennedy and Kennedy have a very neat singing, dancing and talking act which is highly praised by the press. Their songs are new, jokes funny, and their soft shoe dancing is a feature. One of the team gives an impersonation of Geo. Primrose, the old master of that style of dancing, which is exceptionally good.

The Varsity Quartette are another pleasing number on the bill. The Calgary papers speak very highly of their singing, individually and in harmony, and lovers of male voice quartette singing are sure of a treat. They also introduce some real live comedy during their act.

Miss Alice Pinkerton has chosen two songs for the illustrated number of this week which she will alternate. "Dear Heart" is a pretty ballad and "Carrie" New York's latest craze is very catchy.

The Empire Orchestra will render "Northern Lights" for the overture, and the Empires, showing a couple of comedy films will round out what is undoubtedly the strongest bill yet offered by the Empire.

## AT STARLAND.

It has been a matter of gratification to the management to witness the very great increase in popularity of this theatre. It has become a very usual thing to hear people expressing their delight at the high tone and quality of the pictures offered, people who until the opening of Starland, never went inside a moving picture theatre. Since its inception, however, the management, recognizing that people of refined and cultured taste required to see pictures of indisputable merit and sterling quality, were able to procure a service of films absolutely unrivalled in the West, and their faith in the people of Edmonton appreciating this has been more than justified. Take the "Oliver Cromwell" shown on Tuesday last—what superb acting and beautiful coloring is here!

Again, "Washington, and the American Flag." Such a picture on so gigantic a scale as this has never been attempted before. The cost of this production was of a fabulous nature, but nowadays price is no longer considered as long as the acme of perfection is attained. Mr. Haydon Morris, the popular basso, who before he came to this country was already an artist of recognized reputation, and who had appeared with great success at Coliseum, Taylor's, and Dan Godfrey's band concerts and the London Saturday concerts at Queen's Hall, has added in no small way to the high reputation that Starland is steadily gaining.

## HON CHAS. MURPHY.



A recent visitor to the West, whose attack on the Toronto Globe was the political sensation of the week in Eastern Canada.

## Home and Society Edmonton.

(Continued from Page Five.)

A. T. Love, pastor of St. Andrew's, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Paterson. Though the wedding was a quiet one there were present besides relatives, a number of the bride's most intimate friends, and the out of town guests included Miss Lamson, of Stanstead, Miss Desbriay, of St. Agathe des Monts, and the Misses Constance and Hazel Bell, of Halifax. Quite a number of the guests accompanied the bridal party to the Montreal boat. The presents were numerous and valuable, including many beautiful articles in cut glass, china, sterling silver, jewellery, etc., and some exquisite fancy work, also a number of cheques for substantial amounts. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace and sunburst, to the bridesmaid an amethyst brooch and to the best man a silver mounted umbrella. The bride's gift to the groom was a pearl and gold pin. Mr. and Mrs. Cairns will reside in Edmonton, Alberta. The Quebec Chronicle.

The materials to be used in the classes in embroidery in the Y. W. C. A. have arrived at Little's Stationery Store. The lessons will be free and will start on September 20th.

This Electric Iron is really the cheapest luxury you can indulge in. It will save all the running back and forth—it will save heating up the room and it will save the fussing and bother over fires. Don't you think this is worth something? Try an American Heater Iron, the most economical made. Sold by The Burnham-Prith Electric Co., 18 E. Jasper avenue.

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## JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from Page One.)  
tion of no new street car lines. Two railways are close at hand. Between fair the property may be used for recreation purposes and it is situated in a part of the city which will have a great need served in this way in a few years. In making the expenditure on fair grounds, the proper course is being taken in investigating the experiences of other cities, and profiting therefrom. Mr. Harrison, the secretary of the exhibition, has already made extensive enquiries which will now stand the city in good stead.

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